

1964

## Purple Patches 1964

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## Purple Patches 1964

### **Cover Page Footnote**

This journal was later renamed Parnassus.

# purple patches





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## WINTER'S END

All about there is a watching,--behold  
the rigor of winter  
ebbing,  
fading,  
swooning.

The icy fangs that once held all warmth  
at bay are now  
cringing,  
dripping,  
falling.

The wind no longer cuts and slashes  
but spreads caresses over ice-clad earth;  
and subject to such tenderness the snow  
blushes,  
thaws,  
sinks.

And a sun that once did glare cold, aloof, remote, now  
sparkles through the melting icy fangs and  
beams,  
approaches,  
smiles.

All the land was barren and still  
lies barren yet, but now is  
expecting,  
preparing,  
forseeing.

And I abide here with my thoughts still  
as always on that one for whom I'm  
watching,  
waiting,  
hoping--

Looking for that face, that voice,  
that presence, which will herald  
winter's end.

P. Valberg



## INDIAN SUMMER

Cornstalks whisper together  
The news of an Indian summer--  
Old bleached Indians they are,  
Talking of the times they've spent;  
Their tasseled head-dress nodding, notes  
The progress of their ancient builder  
Building in rows a cornshock village  
In the field just up the way....  
In time they'll bend their quivers to the ground  
Like old, old men too old to know,  
And file off to their Indian village  
And wait in silence for the snow.

Molly Moffett

## DOUBT

I feel that we can love--  
That between us there flows  
The feeling that we should learn to love.  
I would stand in front of you, and see you;  
Look deep into your eyes, and touch your face,  
Kiss you softly on your lips.  
I need to know what it is you feel.  
Before we build a wall between us,  
And lest I never know if there is love,  
Or think on words that never will be said,  
Tell me, show me what it is you feel.  
Take the doubt that fosters hope.  
Too much I'm helplessly involved,  
Believing love as I would have it be,  
Dreaming still as when I was a child.  
I need to know what it is you feel.  
Then I will know what life shall be  
Whatever you may say.

J. Denise Powell



## The Controller

"Tanja?"

"Yes, dear?"

"I'm home."

"Yes, dear."

"Where's the paper?"

"It hasn't come yet, Zahn." Tanja entered from the food preparation center to smile at her tall husband. Yes, the machine had made a good choice. Zahn was the perfect man for her. Oh, occasionally a quirk that the machine hadn't predicted appeared and they would fight, but those times were rare. Besides, there were special tranquilizers that took the edge off their anger.

"Where are the kids?" Zahn always missed the children when the house was quiet.

"They're still out in the yard. I wanted to talk to you about something, Zahn."

"Sure, honey." Zahn answered without looking as he walked to the transparent door opening out onto the back lawn. As the children caught sight of their father, they raced to him. Little Jonee toddled after her four-year-old brother, squealing happily as if the noise would make up for her lack of speed.

Tanja felt a warmth while watching her family; yet, the uneasy feeling that had been brewing the last few months was still there. In the beginning she had brushed it easily aside, but the restlessness that had been gaining power now tainted her entire life.

With a small sigh, Tanja returned to the food center to finish preparing the instant meal that nutrition laboratories had planned to perfectly nourish the family. Looking out the window, Tanja searched the blue sky within the dome covering Starcrest--the ever-protecting dome

which kept weather conditions in exact control. Inside the dome was life; outside were only emptiness and death. No one ever went outside the dome--except her father. Once, when she was about nine, the other children had told her--told her that her father had gone out. He had walked out and was dead. Tanja had run in and asked her mother if that was where her father had gone so long ago. Mother had hugged her tightly and told her bitterly that it was because he had had a mind, and there was no room for a man with a mind. That was a riddle to Tanja. Everyone had a mind. What had Mother meant? She still wondered. Surely when he went to school he had practiced the discipline drills which developed control over the brain mechanism. Teachers had been using that method for many years.

She was brought back to the present by the clatter of the family designed to make her happy.

Later that evening Tanja sat at her dressing table brushing her silky dark hair.

"Hey, Tan, don't brush so hard. You won't have a hair left." Zahn chuckled at his wife.

She spun around and stared at him intently.

"Zahn, do you ever feel restless or unhappy? Don't look at me so strangely. I don't know what's wrong with me. I have everything to make me happy, but sometimes..."

"Don't be so serious." Zahn snorted then sobered at seeing her intent face. "Once in a while when I forget to take my stabilizers I start to feel that way, sure. Are you out of pills?"

"No, I take them faithfully. Maybe I'm just being silly and imagining things. I guess no one can feel unhappy now with all science has done to prevent such unpleasant surface feelings."

But she pondered the problem further. It was true. Science had made life beautiful for peo-



ple. Tanja knew that. What was wrong with her? Her life had been carefully controlled since the day she was born. Slowly her thinking changed to tense unrestful dreams.

The next night when the children had gone to bed, Zahn approached his wife.

"Honey, I was thinking about what you said last night. You know, I hadn't realized it, but we're both nearing thirty. I think what we both need is to go to the Renovator for treatments. I'm glad we don't need to get old looking like people used to. Have you ever seen those old photographs?"

"You're right, of course, Zahn. That's probably just what I need." While she answered, Tanja looked into a mirror across the room and reached up touching her soft cheek. Deep inside the uneasiness grew.

Tanja emerged from her renovation chamber before Zahn. She stood in the waiting room gazing at herself in the mirror. The image was beautiful, smooth and young. Nothing marred the surface. It was deep inside that restlessness seethed. Nothing had nor could change it. Now, she was certain. Now, she understood her father's riddle. She had one, too.

Jo Sandford



## LA POUPÉE

Languidly sauntering through crowded streets,  
Her tightly packed figure almost contained.  
Scant robes drawn tightly, alive when she walks,  
Beckoning onward each man that she meets.  
Unwanted creature of love marches on,  
Air of pride pervading in spite of scorn.  
Whispered words hastily exchanged, later--  
Rendezvous broken, minutes of warmth gone.  
Sheltered during fortunate moments  
By crazy love-murmurings quickly said  
By two clinging strangers. And afterwards,  
Dejected; roaming from bar to bar, spent  
Like her work's wages by tomorrow night.

Channell

## AUTUMN

You sound a doleful roll upon the taut  
Fabric of my soul. Your leaves hang strangled,  
Rich colors ebbed. In youth, my fingers caught  
Them as they fell from where they limply dangled.

I catch them now to crush - not touch. Farewell  
To tenderness for beauties wrought in frost  
And fog and ice on summer's broken shell,  
Sad loveliness that pays death's cost.

Ah, Autumn your voice is one of agony.  
Your winds bear frozen tears in each sharp gust.  
The boy I was found there an ecstasy  
Heard not the sobs, soft echoes from the dust.

Let Winter ice my veins. I know Fall's cost.  
The knowledge gained, the poignant beauty lost.

J. Michael Robertson





M. Beckwith



## SEPARATION

The abrasive sands of separation  
cling to my deserted hands  
and rob them of their beauty.  
My murmuring lips catch  
at the parched night air and  
crack in the dry wind of darkness.  
My whole being demands tears,  
but the deliquescence of absence  
forbids even this comfort.  
I fondle the curve of my  
shoulder, remembering your  
gentle caresses, but find that  
absence has scorched the  
ecstasy of remembrance and has  
burned it to longing. I reach  
to run my rough hand over  
the raw-silk fabric of my  
soul, but find only the  
coarse, burlap remains of my  
oasis-self; only your touch was  
soft, and it too has withered.  
My torn hair rests uneasily upon  
my forehead, and my heart  
droops under the burden of  
too many sorrows. The weary  
wind still wends among the  
forest of my desire, but  
the song it sings has superceded  
sadness and has become my  
death. I fear the morn, for  
day strews the sands with  
mirages of hope--cool spots in  
the ever-lengthening distance.  
And thirsting for your love, I too  
shall follow the sun to the west.  
I too shall fade into the despair  
of night, of night intensified  
by the memory of mirages that  
were lost in the setting of the sun.

R. Finton



## WITHOUT WARNING

She creeps upon you without warning...  
In a snowy woods on a solitary walk,  
In a shrill-voiced cafeteria line,  
In a warm bed on a cold night.

She pillages every fraction of your being...  
The strength from your hands,  
The warmth from your soul,  
The reality from your mind.

I, too, have known her clutches...  
Have felt her numbing, smothering presence,  
Have seen the murky depths of her womb,  
Have loathed her lead-like mire around my life.

She slinks away without warning...

To return again.

M.A.I.

## NIGHT

Like a bride's soft veil, the scents  
Of spring are drawn across  
My face,  
And I become the waiting  
Bridegroom.  
I smell the bride's bouquet.  
I hear her footsteps rustle  
In the wind-touched trees.  
The night's suffused by  
Sweetness  
As though two lovers walk  
And crush forget-me-nots  
Beneath their feet.  
The wind brings ever-freshening  
Hints  
Of unseen woods—  
Of moss-encrusted streams,  
And they are promises to me  
of waiting bride  
And perfect love.  
The distant flowers  
Kiss me  
Silently.  
I close my eyes  
And breathe - and reel - and dream  
And know that she is near.

J. Michael Robertson



TO THE MEMORY OF MR. FOSSE

There was a great gap between us--  
He, so far behind; I, so much ahead.  
As I looked, he stood on a rise,  
And I could see him vividly in the sun.  
I spat, and turned, and continued my progression.

We both climbed many hilly years--  
Though sometime since, I've heard,  
He reached the ultimate one--  
And I came, winded and startled,  
To a hazily familiar knoll of light  
And heard the ring of the bell, Truth, more clearly  
And saw the shine of the light, Life, more brightly.

How in a daze I must have appeared to Mr. F.  
When he witnessed me stare, reject, retreat,  
To enter more determined the cloud,  
Which, now, I could see, in turning,  
I had left behind.

Somewhere in the mists shrouding  
The fusion of the incompatible  
Worlds of ignorance and wisdom  
I had become oriented and my progress  
That I thought was, but wasn't,  
Had begun.

I stood in the brilliance, bathed and happy;  
Then, turning, began my climb again.

Robert Cotner



## The Brothers

"Jim?"

"Yeh." My brother slouched in the seat beside me, knees on the dashboard, broad thin shoulders hunched around his neck. He stared at the road ahead. My hands tightened on the wheel.

"Don't you think..." I stopped, groping for some breach in the wall Jim had thrown around himself. "Don't you think you should try to get in a little earlier--from your dates?"

Silence.

"Well, don't you?" Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jim's jaw tighten, but he didn't move. He didn't speak.

"Look. Maybe Mom and Dad shouldn't have grounded you; but you might have a little more consideration for their feelings too."

"I'm nineteen years old. I don't need a nurse-maid. Besides, it's none of your business. Watch that guy turning left."

"I see that guy turning left." Silence again.

Why can't we do more than pass the time of day anymore? I've felt a gulf widening between us ever since I left for college three years ago. Before that we went everywhere together--to school and football games and dates and church. But now... Never anything overtly cold. That darn grin of his is always the friendliest. Just doesn't talk. I hate to preach, but...

"But, Jim, can't you see how much it hurts them when you don't take care of yourself and don't study? Don't you care at all?"

"All right, preacher boy. Get off my back!" Jim was yelling now, sitting upright, his eyes black and flashing. "It's fine for you to be

so generous. You're away in school nine months of the year. It's bad enough I have to go to that damnable junior college. But I have to take this constant 'Jim, where are you going? Jim, have you done your schoolwork? Jim why don't you ever study?'"

Again I glanced at him, but now his face was closed, blank, and he stared at the passing headlights. And the motor droned on, its impersonal tone broken only by the angry swish of cars as we passed them saying to me, "It's no use. No use."

Jabbing the brakes viciously and snapping the car in a quick turn off the highway, I pulled in our driveway. We stopped. I switched off the ignition, finally the headlights.

"Jim, I know all that." I struggled to keep my voice even. "But---"

"But nothing!" He punched the seat with an angry fist, then jerked the door open, slammed it shut, and his angular frame disappeared in the front door.

"Why did I do it?" The night would not answer. "Why do I always lecture? Why can't I ever just say, 'I know. I understand. I'm sorry.'" Still the night didn't answer.

Dale Lantz





Broken Chalice

Channell



## Remembering

yes i remember  
i remember you  
and i remember  
him and i re-  
member him and  
i remember me  
and i remember  
you and me and  
you and me and  
me and you and  
us i remember  
but remembering  
is the easy  
part of re-  
membering it's  
remembering  
that you've  
remembered that  
causes pain  
remember pain  
remember pain re-  
member remember  
pain remember  
pleasure re-  
member pain re-  
member i remember  
i remember now  
i remembered  
then i remembered  
then that i shall

remember i shall  
remember and i  
shall remember  
remembering and  
i shall remember  
remembering that  
i would remember  
and that i would  
remember re-  
membering and re-  
membering all  
this i remember  
that i wanted  
to remember i  
remember wanting  
to remember i  
remember wanting  
remember i re-  
member i remember  
i remember i  
remembered and  
i shall remember  
and i shall re-  
member i shall  
remember i shall  
remember i will  
remember i re-  
member remember  
i remember.

R. Finton



## AN OAK LEAF

Brown oak leaf, fresh from the  
    ovens of autumn,  
You crinkle my nose with  
    Your crust-brown smell,  
                    and tell  
    Of a browned-old tree  
    In a brown-bold forest.  
You recount in a word  
    The dust-caught days  
    Of this last-lost summer,  
And you drop, a smooth, trimmed leaf,  
    From the simple-sad tree-top.

Molly Moffett

## ODE TO A VISITING POET

Row upon row in tranced sobriety  
The congregation celebrates  
The rites of culture and one-worldiness.  
The jaws stiffen and the eyes are glazed  
While a small voice or hand upraised  
Evokes a brief caress;  
Delineates  
Nostalgia, love, wonder, and mortality  
And scratches a dark head.  
Surely our pale November sun glows red  
With more than Julian heat. We hold in fee  
More than the gorgeous East, more than the tale relates.  
The hamadryad loves the dry stone wall; best walk with carefulness  
And let it lie. For Death is to be praised,  
And life is not amazed  
At the dark posturing of her votaress. . .  
Between the candle-flames the laity awaits  
The choral sacrament of cakes and tea.

C.M.D.



The battle line was drawn.

On one side sat the giant. He wore an armor of navy blue flannel trousers and a white shirt with sleeves rolled and collar open. Across his knees lay a folded towel. In one hand he held a small silver bowl filled with a mound of red slush. In the other hand he wielded a narrow rounded weapon called a spoon. The set of the giant's jaw indicated doubtful determination. His eyes gave forth a look of uncertain authority.

Across the imaginary line the pygmy sat waiting patiently for the battle to begin. His white high chair cut off any means of escape as the oval tray at the front had been pushed within inches of his round stomach. His armor of pale blue terry cloth fastened about his short fat neck and extended over his arms to his wrists. It covered the length of his body to his bare pink feet. Poor little pygmy, he held no visible weapons; but he gazed at the giant with obvious determination.

Without the sound of a bugle to begin the skirmish, the giant took aim with the spoon heaped with red. He thrust it in the direction of the pygmy. A fast and clever retreat by the little target eluded the giant's encounter. For a moment the pygmy leaned over the bonds that held him and considered the distance to the floor.

The giant began using devious words in a voice of pleading persuasion.

The pygmy keeping his mouth clenched turned to the giant. Small steady blue eyes met large uneasy blue eyes. Each contemplated his opponent.

The pygmy thought, "This is the biggest giant in my house and certainly the dumbest."

"Why is he so stubborn?" the giant questioned himself. "I suppose he gets that from his

mother."

The pygmy decided to bend forward and examine the red blob suspended over his tray. It

shot towards him and he withdrew, just in the nick of time. While he leaned over the side he measured the distance to the floor again and also studied the pattern of the linoleum. In his ingenious mind he thought, "I must have a plan. I want it to be effective and for the giant's sake, exciting." The pygmy really didn't want the giant to surrender as he knew he would, so he quickly devised his strategy.

He placed both his dimpled hands firmly over his mouth and turned back to face his weakening foe. Now he slowly removed one hand and then the other. Holding fast his breath, he permitted the giant to push the spoon into his mouth. The pygmy slyly waited for the exact instant the spoon was withdrawn, empty of its red ammunition. Then he blew as hard as his fat pink cheeks could blow. Confusion reigned while the pygmy tested and savored the small part of red slosh remaining in his mouth.

"It isn't bad," he decided. "Rather sweet and not at all bumpy. It does seem to leave a warm and pleasant feeling."

Before the giant had recovered his decorum, the pygmy loudly demanded the spoons of red be channeled into his mouth at an ever increasing rate.

The giant gleefully called out, "Hey, Millie, I got the baby to eat his beets. I keep telling you, honey, be firm and show him who's boss."

The little pygmy filled with beets sat on his throne of a white high chair and observed his subject. The "boss" giant, wearing a red polka dot shirt, was freely offering his heart to the pygmy.

In return for this gift the benevolent pygmy bestowed a completely disarming smile and commented to himself, "I've let him win again because I love him so."

Rosemary Rhetts



### LITTLE MISS MUFFET...

Trees and fleas and a plague of locusts  
Lemon cream pie and salami on rye  
Books to read  
Cucumber seed  
What a bunch of fowlness  
On the summer air  
Talk of my mother, my sister my brother  
Talk of my father, but why bother  
to talk of things at all  
You come off much worse  
with a thinner purse  
and swell let's all go to lunch  
with the bunch and give it all  
up for now.

Just for now anyway  
and curds and whey and  
all that sort of stuff.

It's better to  
sleep than to weep  
cause who spilled  
the milk anyway,  
and curds and whey.

Walt Pickut





*M. Bejaire*



## SUNSET

The heat and toil of summer day  
are nearly done. Mid fiery streamers,  
held by myriad angels' hands, in eulogy  
befitting one who quits a task that's nobly done, and,  
blushing at his praise, quickens his pace  
the sooner to escape the earth's admiring gaze and find  
secluded place to rest:  
so quits the sun  
and draws evening shades.

Dr. Thompson

## THE CLOCK

It stands  
Above the hearth  
On marble mantle based:  
An edifice bewailing time  
Passed by.

It stands  
In sovereign stance--  
Dead lord mechanical  
That rules mankind with hurried hand  
And hard!

The sole  
Interpreter  
Of fate, but yielding not  
Its sacred vision to the eye  
Of man,

It stands  
And proudly bares,  
In symbols seldom read,  
Its stolid, fearsome tale for all  
To see.

R. Finton



### A Sheep?---or a Goat?

A gray, unearthly mist hung over the depot shrouding it in the damp specter-like silence of early morning. At the gate a short line of passengers filed into the waiting bus.

"Last call for passengers on the bus for New Jerusalem and Acheron now loading at Gate 3."

As the last passenger climbed onto the bus, a young man, hair rumpled, tie slightly askew, hurried from the depot, presented his ticket to the driver and climbed aboard. Spying an empty seat near the back, he moved down the aisle to it.

"Excuse me. May I sit here?" James Stedmann addressed a fat middle-aged woman seated next to the aisle and indicated the empty seat next to her. The woman squinted suspiciously up at Stedmann's portly, five-foot-seven frame.

"Well..." She pondered the problem of having to move a large bag of food from its convenient location on the seat. "I suppose so. Sort of young for this trip, aren't you? You a member of this firm? How old were you?"

"Well, I hadn't expected to be making this trip quite so soon," James replied as he squeezed himself past her knees and settled in the seat by the window. He grinned. "I was twenty-two, and until we reach the exchange depot, I guess it doesn't matter what firm we're members of."

"Don't be impertinent, young man. I guess you'll wish you were a member of my firm when we come to the transfer."

But James hadn't heard. His mind had returned to his family as they had said good-bye. They had all been there--his mother and father, his three brothers, and Alice, his fiancée.

"I knew it! Our district manager was right!" With a triumphant glow, the stout lady jabbed James out of his reverie with her elbow.

"Don't you see?" she crowed, pointing out the window in response to his questioning look. "We're flying! Our firm wins a very vital point, young man: New Jerusalem is up. But then, of course, we would win."

"Yes ma'm; but so is Acheron." James turned back to the window. He noted with pleasure that the mist outside was beginning to lift.

"My, but it's getting brighter in here, don't you think?" asserted the Fat Lady. She produced the bag of groceries, pulled out a large, half-eaten package of cream puffs and stuffed one in her mouth. "And the man at the ticket window wouldn't let me bring my colored glasses! Said I couldn't use them anymore. May I use yours?"

"Well, I'm afraid I don't own any. I haven't used mine for years--"

"Haven't used them! Why, goodness, how did you ever get on? The company rules say to use them at all times. And they should know, they gave them to me. I did use them, too--for everything."

James smiled. "Look, ma'm. Why don't we get to know each other? I have a name--James. You must have one too. Maybe we can help each other, and then you'll enjoy the brightness."

"Perhaps..." She knit her brows. "But I don't think I ever read that in the membership manual."

From the seat in front of them, a young girl suddenly began crying softly. James looked with compassion at the lonely look of misery and terror in her face.

"Young man, I want you to look at that creature sitting ahead of us. I guess she knows where she's going. But I warned her before she



left. Why the hours I spent with her! I made it fully clear the advantages our firm offers--all the horrors and inconveniences she would escape. But of course, I made sure she knew what membership cost. People like that just love to violate the rules."

This time James did not smile.

Outside, the air had continued to brighten as the mist lifted. At last the bus broke through the last wisps of mist and James saw the depot: a low white frame building sitting at the foot of a range of hills. In front was the main gate. Stretching away from the right side of the depot, the hills were green and verdant. On the left side of the depot, the land fell away into a valley which was enshrouded again in mist. The terrain on this side became increasingly rugged and barren. There was almost no vegetation.

"Oh! Here we are!" exclaimed the fat lady. She crumpled the empty grocery bag and tossed it under the seat.

"All passengers prepare to disembark," said the driver over the loud speaker. "As you leave please show me your ticket and I will direct you to your gate."

"And look at the beautiful green hills! Just as our membership manual promised." She pulled herself ponderously into the aisle, and her ticket fell to the floor.

"Here, Ma'm. I'll get it." James reached over and picked up the ticket, glancing at it as he handed it back. On the front was stamped the head of a goat and the words: "One way: End o'Life to Acheron."

Dale Lantz



## AT SUNSET ONE MORNIN'

At sunset one mornin'  
In the middle of the day,  
I saw the stars a'shinin'  
And the sunrise on the bay.

I lay there quite soundly  
On the top of the hill,  
And saw Chicago stirring  
Just over the hill.

Thru waking eyes at noonday,  
I saw the sun go down,  
And water skiers fishing  
On the lake called Puget Sound.

I love to go a'sailing  
On the desert far and wide,  
Where the water grows like forests  
And the fishes can not hide.

The birds shoot forth their blossom,  
And wild flowers sing.  
The eagle watches o'er her cubs,  
And small bears take to wing.

The babb'ling little mountain path,  
And small untrodden brook,  
Have a beauty written in them  
And sunshine in each nook.

The sun was shinin' brightly  
On that dark and dismal day.  
The dead and dying flowers  
Brought new life to me that day.

Now I'm happy, O so happy  
O so happy as can be.  
And I'm happy, O so happy  
O so happy, O so happy  
O so happy, O so happy  
O so happy as can be.

Philip Myers



## Reunion

The storm had been the worst in this area since I came to live on the coast thirty years ago. The small, showbox-like fishing huts had suffered the brunt of the storm which had swept inland like a ravenous animal, wolfing small huts into its mouth and spitting the chewed remains into a silent and death-like heap of rubble. It was toward one of these fishing shacks that I walked in the whimpering wind of the calm after the storm. I made my way over to the place where the Duvall hut had stood.

Not many words had ever passed between Dan Duvall and me, but I knew him to be a good friend. He and his thirteen-year-old son Peter were good fishermen, possibly the best on the coast. The two of them had come here ten years ago, when Peter was a baby, and I had never heard of his mother and had never asked about her.

Peter had always been a very quiet, strange boy. He spent most of his time fishing with his father to whom he was totally devoted. As I approached the hut I saw him standing, looking at the dark remains of all he could remember as home. He didn't look up at me even as I stood beside him, but I knew without asking.

We turned over every piece of rubble in that old cabin and found nothing. We scoured the jagged coast line for hours, each of us forgetting our hunger and cold. We looked for his father's body until all hope was gone; we had searched everywhere and found no trace. "He must have tried to escape into the cove in the launch and drowned in the sea," he said softly. I looked to Peter's face for some show of sorrow, but not even a tear glistened on his cheek.

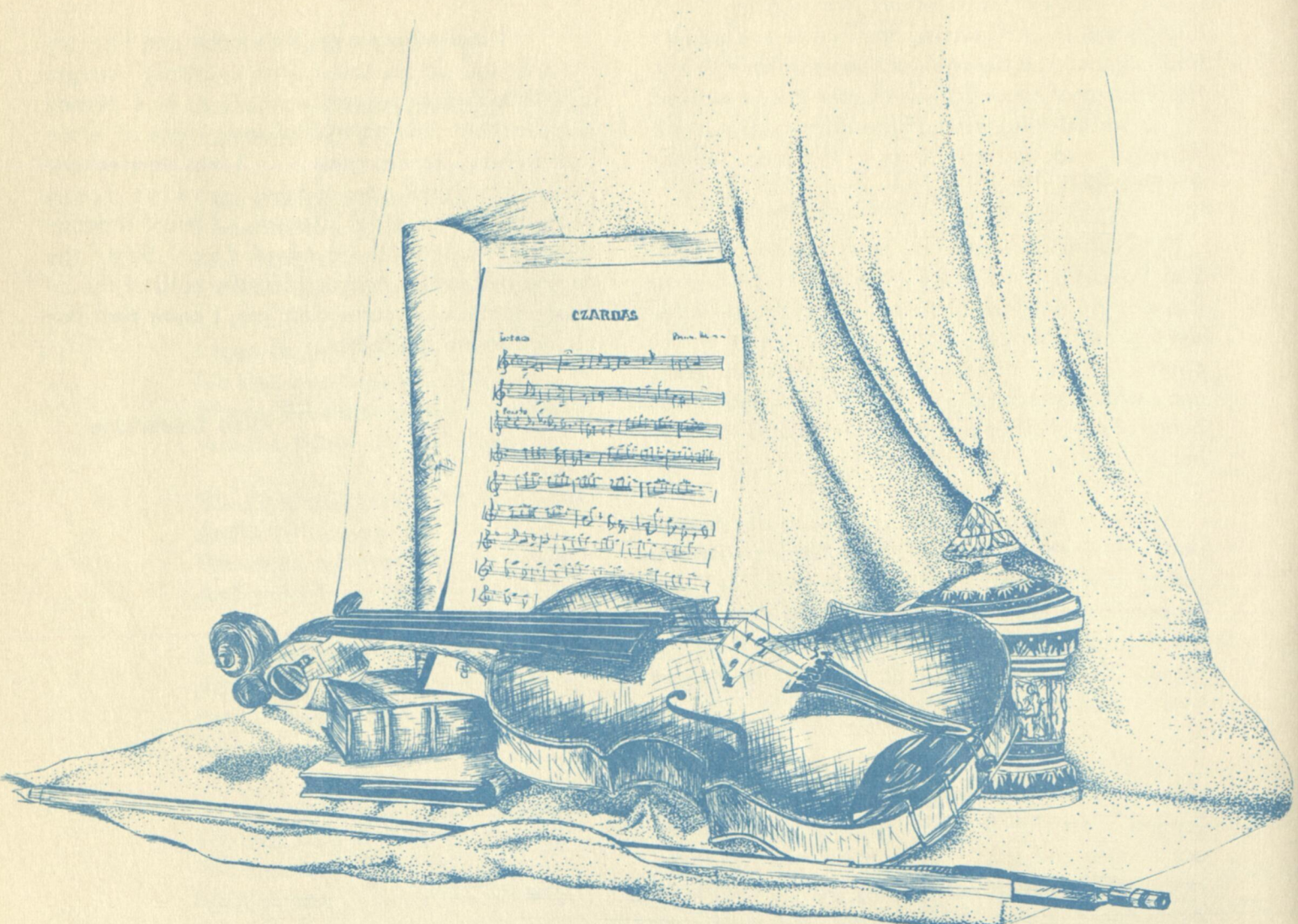
We walked on down the beach over a hundred feet above the rocks and water below us. Then we found the launch, battered on the rocks, and Peter stood quietly looking down from the

precipice at the splintered wood lying against the rocks below. His face had suddenly drawn taut, and his eyes had the cold, gray look of the steel on the muzzle of a gun.

I looked out over the ocean and let my mind wonder at its power and suddenly caught myself feeling tense and uneasy. As I turned back to Peter hoping to find some trace of emotion in him, he was gone. I was startled and looked completely around me, and as I came back to my original stance, I heard a deep-throated thud rise the hundred feet from the depths below me. And as I felt the cold of the ocean-borne wind come over me, I knew that Peter had found his father.

Mike Bainbridge





Marilyn Bokovinae



## I SHALL WAIT FOR YOU

I shall wait for you  
In the dusk of the moment,  
In the sunset of the hour,  
In the end of reason--  
In the passion of this death.

I shall stand among the cool trees  
In the amber shade of separation,  
In the clashing flashes of memory,  
In the symphony of compassion,  
In the stridence of desire.

I shall become the sun of your eye  
In the darkness of our solitude;  
I shall become the curve of your parted lips  
In the stillness of your thoughts--  
In the silence of our nights.

In the terror of now,  
I can embrace you only with longing.  
In the death of death,  
In the birth of us,  
Is a sacred sorrow.

R. Finton



## IN MEMORIAM

What is there left to say in memoriam, Mr. President;  
And if there were a few untouched facets of honor--  
Could I say them;  
Could I even determine what they are?  
I think not...for too deeply do I hurt tonight  
With a pain that is undefined;  
A pain unescapable that will not allow rest  
For more than a few forgetful moments.  
Five days have passed since that quickened pulse began:  
How many more days or months will fly  
Before I am able to look at the grimness of the photos,  
the newspaper headings, the detailed print?  
How many days will pass before I can punctuate a  
well-worded memoriam...  
May they be many, Mr. President--  
May they be many, Sir.

Sandy Humble



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